FINE SHOES

Bankrupt Prices!

Several lots of Ladies' \$3 Russet

and Black Oxfords at \$1.50. Several lots of Men's \$6 Cordovan Congress at \$3.75. Two lots of Ladies' \$3 and \$4 Shoes

at \$1.50. One lot of Ladies' \$3.50 Shoes at

\$2.25. One lot of Ladies' \$3 Russia Calf Bluchers at \$1.85.

Several lots of Men's \$6 Patent Calf Shoes at \$3.75. Several lots of Ladies' \$5 and \$6

Shoes at \$3.50. One lot of Men's \$3.50 Calf Congress at \$1.75. Several lots of Mea's \$5 Russia

Calf Shoes at \$2.65. One lot of Boys' \$3 Calf Shoes, button, at \$1.00.

One lot of Children's \$1.25 Dongola Oxfords at 59c.

Thousands of other big bargains. Come quick, this your size is here. We bought these goods t about 50 cents on the dollar, and therefore ive you the bouefit of our purchase.

THE WARREN SHOE HOUSE, GEO. W. RICH, 919 F STREET.

CLOTHING CARNER'S Closing-Out Sale.

anceasing here of business introduced the store all this week. Folt To-MogRoWS TRADING we Ter children our entirestock of Cloth-g-FigNor ALBERT SUITS - CUTA-AV SUITS-REGENT SUITS at

50c on the Dollar

GARNER 10:6 Seventh St. N. W.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR RENT?

LARLY FOR MANY YEARS, buying homes for others. STOP IT now and

> I have three houses, lately fluished. street cars.

They cost, with lots, 1,035 feet in each in absolute cash, \$1,400, I will sell them to the right persons for that amount on following terms:

No Cash Payment -- \$15 Per Month.

didly planned and finished, every mod- lowing outline. Fark. Could not be duplicated to-day for \$4,000 each. Will sell them for that,

No Cash Payment -- \$25 Per Month.

Also a very same little home but one block from H-street cars. Two-story, bay-window brick, six rooms, bath, and all modern conveniences; well built and finished; lot worth \$1,200 alone. Cost nearly \$3,000 to build. Take the property for \$3,200,

No Cash Payment -- \$20 Per Month. Apply to me personally, for I cannot

W.E. LEWIS,

1416 F STREET

Gas Ranges, \$13 and Up.

Not counting the comfort of a Gas Hange for Summer cooking, consider how economical they are. And think how clean and conven-ient they are. 2-burner Gas Range, 813. 3-burner Gas Range, 813. 4-burner Gas Range, 822.

WASH, GASLIGHT CO. 413 10th St. N. W.

Now Opposite Patent Office. CHAS. DIETZ'S NEW RESTAURANT, COR, 7TH AND F N W.

HENRI BONYNGE.

A True Tale of Love and Marriage in These Trying Times.

The pulsating rhythmic strains of Audran's dreamy "Frou-Frou" greeted my ears as I approached my apartment on that Friday night. I mention this circumstance because I knew of no one in the house who could play the piano, and especially with such skilled and delicate touch. There the instrument had stood in the little parlor of a suite of three rooms, as though it were in a state of trance, awaiting some magnetic hand to awaken it

The other room to which this parlor belonged in common with mine had been valued and made a receptacle of ode and easy furnishings not found in the conventional bounding house room, and as he exclaimed in the problem: a new boarder had installed himself during the day. There is always curious speculation about the personality of those with whom we are coapeiled to enter into social juxtaposition, and while I was agreeably impressed with the sound of the new lodger I yet had decaded possibilities respecting the sight. Some very stupid, homely people are found among musicians, and one would not like a suriet of melody alone without any seasonling of the other social qualities that render existence bearable.

Invited him to my private room that first continct for the my charge of the fair, in which I lived those months, no database acquisition to my social store was made, and in expectation of the inertia which follows the activity of such splendid enterprises I took an impromptu leave of the wild and woolly West' and came East; and here I am, without a tag of credence."

"O! you are an artist! How glad I am. I have always thought that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that

Two Passengers Shot, One a Woman, Patally.

The Stage's Horses Ran Away Before Express Messenger Hendricks Could Serve the Sec ond in Like Manner-The Famous Yosemite Valley the Stage Bobber's Delight.

MILTON, Cal., May 19.—The old stage line between Yosemite valley and this city, the scene of more stage robberies than any other road in California, witnessed to-day one of the boldest attempts at robbery on record. As the stage from Murphy's was nearing this town two masked men stepped out from the side of the road.

One was shot down by the express mes senger, but his companion returned the fire, fatally wounding a woman passenger and badly injuring one man. Then the stage's orses ran away. It has been the custom of Wells, Fargo

Co., since the two robberies on this line only a fortnight ago, to send an armed messenge with every stage that carried treasure. To-day's stage had on board a good deal of buil-lion and coin. Messenger Hendricks rode on the box seat, next to the driver. All went well until the stage was going up a steep grade thirteen miles above here, in Calaverus

gratic thirteen miles above here, in Calaveras county. This country is thinly settled, and the road is lined with thick brush From behind a clump of small oak trees two mea wearing gunny sacks over their coats and trousers, and with long masks of calico covering their faces, suddenly stepped out and leveled their guns on the driver. He pulled up, as they had the drop on nim, but apparently they mistook Messenger Hen-dricks for a passenger, for they did not fire on

dries for a passenger, for any tax and thim.

While they were ordering the passengers to get out of the coach, and telling the driver to look sharp and throw out the express box, Messenger Hendricks pulled up his sawed-off shotgun, which he had between his legs, and fired on the robbers.

One of the highwaymen fell dead in his tracks, but his companion returned the fire instantly, shooting three times in succession and putting twenty-two buckshot through the coach. The driver and Hendricks escaped

and putting twenty-two nucesnot through the coach. The driver and Hendricks escaped the leaden ball, but Miss Ella Bray was fatally wounded and Mr. T. T. Hume was badly burt in the shoulder.

The noise of the firing maddened the four

The noise of the firing maddened the four horses and they dashed away. It was some time before the driver was able to control them. Then the wounded woman was left at a farmhouse and the stage was rushed to Milton, where officers were at once sent out to the scene of the crime.

The robbers were evidently strangers, or they would have recommized Hendricks on the driver's seat, and would not have tackled the stage, as he is known to be a man who will fight to the death. If the driver could have controlled his horses Hendricks would probably have shot the other robber,

Husbands Must be Reformed. The New York correspondent of the Boston

Herald learns that plans are maturing in the metropolis for the formation of a new femi-nine organization. It is to be called the "Soelety for the Education and Reform of Huselety for the Education and Reform of Hus-bands." A circular which has been mailed to many ladies recites that at a meeting of women interested in the present effort to pro-cure political equality, and in other move-ments to promote women's welfare, the sub-ject of "Household and Husband" came under discussion, and it was resolved to call a meet-ing of all interested, to be held on some con-venient day, not later than the 23d instant, in New York dive notice of which is to be given.

woman's kingdom. Her interests overwhelmingly lie therein, and its upbuilding is nearest and dearest to her. Within this sovereignty no disturbing influence is possible save the husband. Thus far, little well-directed, coherent effort has been organized to reform the evil, and as efficient means to this end lies on penfy within reach it has seemed not less so nearly within reach, it has seemed not less for that amount on following terms:

in Paymout -- \$15 Per Month.

Two beautiful three-story and basement brick houses, brand new, splenment houses, brand new,

iowing outline:
Subject 1—The Husband, Class A, the vensi; class B, the criminal, Illustrations; Class A—(1) Faultinder, (2) cardplayer, (3) dissipated, (4) laxurious, (5) neglectfui; class B—(1) cruel, (2) rambler, (3) drunkard, (4) unnatural, (5) adulterer. Subject 2—Method of Beform: Class A—Education; class B, reheterm: Class A - Education; class B, restraint, Illustrations: Class A - (1) wife's indugence, (2) daughter's influence, (3) son's influence, (4) society's assistance, (5) public opinion: class B, (1) domination, (2) publicity (3) legal, (4) hypnotism, (5) medication.

400 A Versatile Maiden. Farmer Hodge (reading novelette)-I'm

out of all patience with that Gladys Fitzallwyn in the story-the way she's abusing her beautiful eyes. She doesn't deserve to

have none.

Mrs. Hodge—What's she been doing now?
Farmer Hodge—This book is full of it.
First she threw her eyes up to ceiling, and
then let them drop on the floor; then she
darted them down on the long corridor and
rested them on the cool waters of the lagoon.
Then she must have called them hack somehow, for it says she bathed them in sad, salt
tears, wiped them, and swept them with long
lashes. Once she was fool enough to rivet
them on the dome, and, when I left off, she
was flxing them on a mantel.—Vogue.

A Dakota Romance. [New York Weekly.]

He-New that you have obtained your diorce, we can be married at once, can't we?" She-Married at once! Indeed, we won't be married at once. I can tell you that. For the first time in three years I am a free wo-man—free as a bird—and I am going to enjoy that freedom for a little while. It's lovely. "My goodness! How long?" "Well, two or three hours, anyway."

That Peach of Emerald Hue.

Little peaches of the emerald hue, like the one eaten by "Johnny Jones and his sister Sue," have made their appearance in the Bal-timore market. There aren't many of them, and they are small, shaped like green apples and worth about 5 cents each on fruit stands. The peaches come from Florida, and are about six weeks earlier than usual, owing to

The parlor was the one avenue to the two rooms, and through it I was compelled to pass. I entered as was my wont and the music ceased.

music censed.
"I beg your pardon, but my room is adjacent, and the intrusion is one of necessity," I

said.
"Then you are my neighbor?" he replied, in a voice of low, rich cadence. "My name is Henri Bonynge," offering me his hand.
"And mine is Frank Sherman. I hope we will be friends."

I was fairly delighted with his appearance and manners, which manifested such a signature and stamp of virtue that I took for granted what years of examination are often necessary to unfold. We were instant and close friends.

He was the antipode to me in physique, for I was tall, fleshy-almost embonpoint—and dark, while he was rather petite—not quite five four, of equipose tissue and decidedly blonde in complexion, and his eyes were of the deepest blue.

I invited him to my private room that first evening, explaining that long years of

evening, explaining that long years of bachelorhood had made a receptacle of odd and easy furnishings not found in the conven-tional boarding house room, and as he en-tered his hands and voice were raised in de-

A Large Stock STAGE ROBBERS MURDERERS John McQuaig's "30;" Telegraph Editor's Story

The busiest hours in the editorial rooms of morning newspaper are between 1 and 3 o'clock. There is no time then to entertain visitors. It's man comes in with a good, live ONE OF THE VILLAINS KILLED piece of news, he is welcome to the night editor's room. Otherwise he is, to quote Major Cotton, of Houston, Texas, mostest displeasantest, unwelcomest man what they is," Between 12 o'clock and 3 in the morning the bulk of the copy arrives from the telegraph wires. Meantime the city editor has had more space than he should have had. He has run in a lot of matter that he thinks is fine, while the night editor that he thinks is fine, while the hight editor's expresses the opinion that the most of it is "veritable rot," just like the city editor would say if he were on the night editor's desk. The editor in chief has had his page filled with long and dry dissertations on the tariff and suggestions about running the government. The sporting and dramatic men get their matter in before 12 o'ciock, after which hour the telegraph news is supposed to have the right of way.

When the night editor starts in on his work at 5 o'clock in the afternoon he is informed that he has so many columns for telegraph news. Before 9 o'clock this space is usually cut down by the business office, a department of a newspaper that is a bore and a bother in the eyes of the editorial boys; a department worth nothing to nobody or anything except to be on hand promptly with clean, crisp bills on the day appointed for "the ghost to walk."

Ferhaps by 10 o'clock the ten columns first allotted to the night editor have been cut down to six. By that time it is likely that six columns have aiready been sent to the composing room. If that be the case, it then becomes necessary to take the proofs and begin posing room. If that be the case, it then be-comes necessary to take the proofs and begin "slashing." The cream of the news is just beginning to come. There is a tremendous fire here, an atrocious murder there, and a frightful storm somewheres else. Then comes the time when the night editor loses his tem-per—the very hour when he should be as cool as a Spring morning. But he can't help it. He is jealous of his dosk and wants his news to show up as pleturesquely as possible to the proprietor who regulates his salary.

Years ago I was editing telegraph on a big western daily. Besides the night editor, there were four assistants, who handled the "filmsy." By my side worked John McQuaig,
a New Yorker by birth and education, and
one of the best fellows that ever lived. When
he first came on the — he never knew
what it was to go to bed sober. He rolled what it was to go to bed soeer. He rolled 'em high. He never seemed despondent, but yet his intlinate friends, looking down into his big, honest eyes, could see a painful secret hidden in his heart. But the hour never seemed so dark that he could not laugh, tell a good story, and stand the saloon man at the corner off for the drinks. Finally one morning in the secret standard and the saloon man at the corner off for the drinks. ing just as the night editor had sent "30" up John received a letter that had come in on

After he had read it, he put on his coat and started away.
"Wait, John," said I, "we'll have a drink

"No," he replied; "no more for me. I've quit." Then the boys laughed, and John went to ils room earlier that morning than he had

For a long while—many months—John avoided the boys, who sat up until the paper had gone to press. He did not buy drinks now, nor cigars, nor give beer suppers any more. He kept sober himself, which, in all truth, was a mighty good thing for him to do. No one could interpret this sudden change in

One night I wanted him to sleep with me, and he accepted the invitation. When we had retired and had pulled the cover over our feet discussion, and it was resolved to call a meeting of all interested, to be held on some convenient day, not later than the 23d instant, in New York due notice of which is to be given), for the purpose of making permanent a society for the education and reform of husbands.

When all has been said, the household is woman's kingdom. Herinterests overwhelmingly lie therein, and its upbuilding is nearest and dearest to her. Within this sovereignty no disturbing influence is possible save the husband. Thus far, little well-directed, coherent effort has been organized to reform be got in a reminiscent mood. He started to spared naois, and when he returned to his country home he was a physical wreck. Of course, the girl had rejected him, or, rather, she put him on probation to see if he had the maniness to mend his ways and be a man again. Well, to shorten the story, he went west. There he found a friend who was doing newspaper work, and like the candle and the moth poor John he fell in.

He got in with the newspaper crowd, happy become of to-morrow—a class who are friendly to everybody, and whose heart strings are more easily touched than in any other profesmore easily touched than in any other profes-sion in the world. But I digress. So John lay there that night and told me one of his plans; now he had reformed, saved his money, and that in a few weeks he was going back to claim the sunny-haired girl who had been true, loving, and forgiving all through the painful weeks and months that had past. How his heart beat with rapturous joy at the contemplation of his homeward journey.

editor's rooms. Copy seemed to come in more abundantly than usual, and the most of the seemed to be good news. At 2.30 o'clock the foreman said he was flooded with matter from the business office, and the city editor spoke through the tube, saying that he had a great local sensation and that he must have two extra columns, and if he didn't he would know the reason why. Well after considera-ble swearing he got it. Then the night editor wheeled around in his chair, and addressing his assistants spoke out:

"Boil, cut, kill! Down to the bone every-

thing."

John was working away like a "true blue," as the bors would say, and he was.
"Here, John," said the chief about 3 o'clock,
"cut this down to five lines. Just a girl
drowned in Lake Erie, and who in the

drowned in Lake Erie, and who in the—
out here cares about hor."

John took the copy and with his blue
peneil poised between his fingers began reading it. His eyes suddenly closed, his breath
became faster, his form began trembling, and
his hand dropped lifelessly on his desk.

"Here there, John!" shouted the night
editor. "Do you suppose this is a weekly
newspaper? Hurry up!"

"When am I going to get '30?" yelled the
foreman.

foreman.
"In a few minutes," replied the chief; "that is, if I can ever get John down to work

In a moment more there was a sigh, a gasp, a twitching of the muscles, a long heave of the breast, a stiffed, muttered cry and John rolled from his chair to the floor. We lifted him to the table and took the page of telegraph from his nerveless lingers. It was his sweetheart who had been drowned. In a minute more good, true, and generous John, his "30" was in. J. S. Evans.

tribe who know not what an hour may bring forth. If my menu of to-day comprehends nightingales' tongues and brains of humming birds, to-morrow I may subsist on such plebelan diet as ham and eggs. I have no regular occupation, sithough I am quite sure of myself in music. Do you think I can find a 'clientele,' as a lawyer would say?"

a 'cifentele,' as a inwyer would say?"

"In New York you can find anything but the 'lost bone' of the megatherium." I answered. "But, as you know, the times are very much out of joint commercially, and a more newspaper advertisement or a sign-board might not attract to your coffers as much as a punched shekel. Have you letters?"

"Alas!" he said, with a sigh, "then the door of the 'Four Hundred' has no car for 'Open, Wheat,' Open, Barley,' but hears only the magic word of 'Sesame,' I have no certifi-

magic word of Sesame. I have no certin-cates of entree."

"Can you not get them?"

"I know no one who knows any one,"

In the mad revel of Chicago society during the fair, in which I lived those months, no

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

The most important events of the conflict between the

An authentic pictorial history of the Rebellion.

How the great battles were fought and vi tories won.

Gen. Grant said in his farewell address Your marches, your sieges and battles in distance, duration, resolution in brilliancy of esults, dims the luster of the world's past military achievements, and will be the prece dents in defense of liberty and right in all time to come."

This work will be a supplement to all written history, portraying as it does the striking incidents of battle, and giving the likenesse of the leaders whose names were on every lip in the days of strife.

mulate their patriotism and devotion. Be sure to embrace this golden opportunit and secure Frank Leslie's Scenes and Por-

Secure Part 1--- Now Ready

THE MAN-EATING SHARK.

Waters Near San Francisco. "The black fish! That is what we cal him!" exclaimed Antonia Nicolas, the fisherman, as he shuddered with superstition horror. "He lives at Point Reyes, and next month we will try and catch him. He is thirty feet long, and he looks like a small whale, he is so fat. He has been there a long time, and we always see him when we go

there."

In company with two or three others, says the San Francisco Examiner, he is determined to hunt and destroy a monster of the sea that makes the fishermen's lives a burden at Point Reyes. For forty years "Black Jack," as they call the great shark, has ravaged the vicinity of Point Reyes, watching for buman blood. He is of the maneating species and occasionally gets an appe-tizer in the shape of bits of fisher flesh. It is very seldom that a man-cating shark gets as far north as San Francisco, as they prefer the

mala there may be seen at any time of day "San Jose Joe," the twenty-foot shark that is sole monarch of those waters, but "Black Jack" is a large personage, and of the same species. The Bay of Panama is alive with these damons. Sayimping these is impossible. Jack" is a large personage, and of the same species. The Bay of Panama is alive with these demons, Swimming there is impossible. There are many of the ordinary size in Acapulco, and it is said that San Diego is occasionally visited by them. But "Black Jack" towers above them all with ferocious majesty. He was first seen in the early fitties by pioneer fishermen, and somewhere in the sixties gobled a Neapolitan who was upset just off the rocks by the surf. Since then he has had his ominous cognomen, and has been regarded as an object of menacing fury.

A few weeks ago, just after the first January storm, a "tenderfoot" fisherman happened to let his feet dangle over the side of his boat, when suddenly there was a swift rush in the waves, the unfortunate man lost part of his toes and a large bit of rubber boot. Nicolas was in the boat at the time, and he joined in the oath of revenge which was sworn by his comrades then and there.

But every two or three years in the past a man has lost a leg or a hand through carelessness of this sort, and this was by no means the first time. Whenever a bont seeks the comparative shelter which a bend in the shore near the main point affords "Black Jack" is sure to heave in sight and lurk about until his greed is either satisfied or disappointed.

until his greed is either satisfied or disap-But "Black Jack" does not confine his at

But "Black Jack" does not confine his attentions to this point alone, for frequently he races up as far as Bussian Gulch, or even Timber Cove. When a schooner was wrecked five years ago at the former place the monster reveled in the disaster, and two of the bodies that were washed ashore had been deprived of arms and legs, and even a head—all of which crimes were laid at the door of the big

which characteristics are waving the long kelp to and fro lazily, the ugly, snining, black fin of "Jack" may be discerned from the high bluff above, scattering stray seals in terror to their hiding places.

the country, has taken shots at the shark twice with his Winchester, but as he was high up on the big claff at Rose reef his work was not effectual.

not effectual.

Antonio Nicolas says that twice in his knowledgs men have lost their hands in the night time when their loats were hove too close to Point Reyes. These men had simply dipped their arms into the water too far. As it is, no one ventures to haul up a bucket of sea water save with the use of a good rope.

The unpleasant sense of the shark's nearness is a never-falling source of suspense to the fishermen there as they try to sleep in their little boats at night, and the idea that any mishap may the next moment make them

any mishap may the next moment make ther a feast for his ferocious maw is decidedly re

a feast for his ferocious maw is decidedly revolting.

Their present plan of action is to lash four great iron hooks together, grappel fashion, back to back, and bait them with a great mass of flesh. This, attached by a heavy line to a large buoy, will be their weapon. When the shark swallows the flesh, hooks and all, they will take an ardent detight in watching his frantic endeavors to free himself. If they are successful in his destruction they will turn his corpse over to one of the tugs or fishing steamers to be towed into the market at Fisherman's wharf. They state that it would be impossible to handle the battle from their own slight craft.

How could I believe otherwise of this fair, ingenious young person, who seemed to have no other art than a spontaneous flow of natu-ral charm. If there was a mystery in his life, I was strongly impressed that it was not of a criminal kind.

"The prospects are not very flattering, Bonynge," I assured him, "but what can be done shall be done. My own influence is

street with despair emphasized!

I ensconced myself behind a newspaper and watched the grinding of the mill. The faces were a little whiter and harder as they passed through, and when Henri filed into place and stood there expectantly I heard the examiner say, "Your work is correct in all but the superfluous journalizing. You give 'cash' both a debit and credit, whereas the balance should be given. Next!" Alas, for Bonynge! For no one else, of course. He reminded me of Frankenstein, although his craving for sympathy was not in vain. I joined him on the street and locked arms with him. Tears were in his eyes.

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Monday Evening and Saturday Matinee, THI BELLE'S STRATAGEM AND CHATTERTON Tuesday, CYMBELINE. Wednesday, THELOYI CHASE. Thursday, ROMEO AND JULIET. Fri day, TWELFTH NIGHT. Saturday, INGOMAR

A CADEMY. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. HINRICH'S OPERA COMPANY

Monday Evening, CARMEN,
Tuesday, TRAVIATA, Wednesday, AIDA,
Thursday, CARMEN, Friday, JEWESS,
attrictay Matinee, MIGNON, Saturday Night
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Separate rooms if desired Goods hauled packed, and shipped Lowestrates. EASTENI EXPRESS D. C. SMITH & CO., General For Farding Agents, 8th st. and Md. ave. ne.

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The Best Bicycle

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The Victor Pneumatic Tire

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DON'T spend \$100 for a lot, but WAIT until

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518 Fifth st. n. W. M. W. MOORE, Manager.

"I am very poor, Mr. Sherman."
"And hungry? Almighty father, tell me no

"I was driven into one of those places to-

10.30 to 5.

Open Daily.

FOURTEEN TABLES Largest and Finest Billiard Boom South of New York, Buffet Attached, M. B. SCANLON, Proprietor, 408 Ninth street. FOR SALE-HOUSES. FOR SALE-CHEAP-A JOB PRINTING OF

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Address "CHEAP,"
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A. S. CAYWOOD, \$23 9th st. n. w.

Here the veterans will find the past recalled, and here the young may gain inspiration to

traits of the Civil War, now being sold to the readers of our paper.

A Demon of the Deep That Haunts th

varmth of the tropic waters.

In the clear waters of San Jose de Guate

scattering stray seals in terror to their hiding places.

The Morgan boys, who own a magnificent whaleboat, are expert navigators of all the dangerous reefs and shoals along this forbid-ding coast. They have often seen "Black Jack," and know his haunts too well. How-ever, he has never bothered them, so they do not stop to bother him. Henry Raschen, the artist, who makes his studio in that part of the country, has taken shots at the shark

day, and he indicated a saloon where free lunches were obtainable.

I pressed his arm a little more sympatheti-cally and led him along in silence to our

My social ramifications were great in con-My social ramifications were, great in con-sequence of a long residence in a polite pro-fession, but an extended inquiry elicited no encouragement for my neighbor's exchequer. Neither was he idle, for one day I was at the office of a publication on Sixteenth street, and there, among a cosmopolitan lam of ap-plicants for a bookkeeping position, was poor Henri, who, with every one of the hungry pursed human melange, was hopeful of ob-taining the service. Alas for the hearts of the ninety and nine who went out into the street with despair emphasized!

WILL YOUNG MAN OR CABMAN WHO assisted sick gentleman Saturday afternoon, April 21, from near 9th and F streets to home, on 15th street, please communicate. Address C. R. B., Times office. PROFESSIONAL BATHS BY MRS COLFORD.
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Forest Glen, Md.,
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removed from his room. Then it was palpa-ble that something was wrong, for his moral integrity was an armor against the seductive influences that beset the unwary, and I was

influences that beset the unwary, and I was preparing to make a search for him when a letter arrived and cleared away the mystery. Here is what it contained:

DEAN MA. SERMAN: I find in law that there is a nice distinction 'twist Tweedledum and Tweedledee after all. I do not presend to know anything about the gender of the two characters or whether they have any gender, but I do know that either Tweedledum or Tweedledee has got on the wrong clothes, and according to the law and the subline philosophy of Herr Diogenes Teuleisdroch the vestment makes all the difference in the world. If Tweedledee is ever so much of a lady and is ever so functions to get on in life, following perfectly honorable pursuits, she shall not discard the habiliments of her sex and don others in which the struggle is diminished. So says the omniscient and omnipotent law. I pressed his arm a little more sympathetically and led him along in silence to our rooms.

"Now," I commenced, with commercial stoicism and monitorial gravity, "I have work for you to do. I am going to paint Cleopatra and her sayium, and I want you to pose for me in the dramatis personase of the queen. Charmion and Iris. This work will give you a competence equal to your immediate wants at least, and if the contract is sealed I will pay you in advance," and with this I pressed some money into his palm.

"I cannot accept this," he protested, with tears of gratitude welling find the soft reserve yours of liquid light-like sunshine pouring into a fountain. "It is charity, for you conceived the painting to heip me,"

"No, I didn't. The motive is purely mercenty of the painting to heip me,"

"No, I didn't. The motive is purely mercenty. I want to hang the picture by a goiden cord in some millionnier's gallery. My name shall be on the corner in immortal pigment. Sentiment—pooh! But if you are not willing to work, even though the kind is not ambitious, I suppose I can engage an other model."

"No-not that, but you want women."

"Certainly, and not a muscular, milliant Antony, and any number of cosmopolities, not even an artist or a showman odelards and with the artificial hair streaming around his shoulders, not even an artist or a showman black-eyed gypsy of sinuous grace?"

"I don't want an Egyptian. Cleopatra was black-eyed gypsy of sinuous grace?"

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